PART II. THE SUNDAY HERALD. PAGES 9-12.

OLUME VIII. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1892. NUMBER 227.

HOW THE REDS LIVE

A Letter From New York's Superintendent of Police.

ANARCHISTS A LOT OF COWARDS

Who Have a Wholesome Fear of Law. He Recommends a Whipping Post for Men of Their Class.

To be effective in the prevention of crime the punishment must be sharp and certain. The old colonial penal code seems too severe to us now, but it was not ineffective in the prevention of crime. We do not and should not whipcord, brand or hang offenders against the law as our forefathers did, but the chief defect in the criminal jurisprudence to-day is found in the

Berkman.

uncertainties and delays in the punishment of crime. The chief defect is the art that is brought to bear to hinder justice. In the past anarchists have thrived as individuals in America and, with the exception of the Chicago affair, the punishment inflicted on these cowardly and incendiary revolutionists was not severe enough. If I had my way I would put up a whipping post for anarchists.

This class of our citizens is the most cowardly and dangerous element in this or any other country. They are not martyrs to their cause, though, and I have no difficulty in securing information from any one of the widely scattered bands in New York. They have all their lives long been disobedient to

Most.

the law for man's industrial, social and moral welfare.

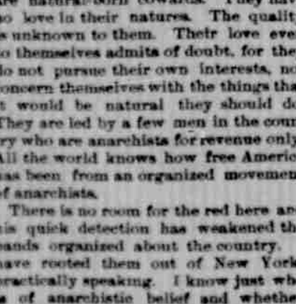
The aim of the anarchist is to get food and clothing, and shelter, and things beside, without earning them and without the expenditure of any real toil or manual labor. Their purpose changes every moment; they have no plans of any moment; their eyes wander, their grasp is not firm, their pull is feeble, their actual strength, measure for measure, is less than that for ordinary men and women, although at times some desperate effort excites their utmost force, and they do an act of terrific violence. But that is all they can do. Persistent, steady exercise of force is impossible to them, and therein passes the danger to our citizens from anarchists.

They can neither walk, nor fight, nor think, nor pursue physical or mental labor for any period. Their endurance

Mollick.

is nil. They have no stability. They are natural-born cowards. They have no love in their natures. The quality is unknown to them. Their love even to themselves admits of doubt, for they do not pursue their own interests, nor concern themselves with the things that it would be natural they should do. They are led by a few men in the country who are anarchists for revenue only. All the world knows how free America has been from an organized movement of anarchists.

There is no room for the red here and his quick detection has weakened the bands organized about the country. I have rooted them out of New York, practically speaking. I know just who is of anarchistic belief and whether



Kpold.

dangerous or not. The anarchists know this, too, and my exposure of John Most when he was taken from under a bed by my detectives shattered a great anarchistic idol in America. His sheep-like followers had idolized him. When I sent him to the penitentiary cringing and bawling, anarchists began to see through Most. He was a natural-born coward. When I find a character becoming a leader among the anarchists in New York I expose him, and he disappears to new fields. There are no good leaders among the anarchists in this country, and there will never be a repetition here of the recent outrages in Paris. The police of the principal cities are working hand in hand with me to wipe out the organized bands of reds.

There need be no more fear from anarchists because Berkman, a half-witted crank, tried to kill Mr. Frick, of of the Carnegie Company. He was nothing, more or less, than a poor deluded fool who had an ambition for notoriety. He wanted to be a leader, and failing in that he tried to kill a prominent man. I do not believe he was one of a band of conspirators. There are no conspirators who are endeavoring to kill among the anarchists in America.

The anarchists over here are totally different tc those in Europe where able men are leaders. Men become anarchists in Europe from necessity. The real strong men in the bands across the ocean are those who are willing to work if they can get it. Such men are the dangerous ones. Such men are to be feared. It is not the cowardly vagabond who is known in America as an anarchist that is to be feared. He wouldn't work if he could.

I found that the most effective way to deal with anarchists in New York was to scare them, and that task is a comparatively easy one.

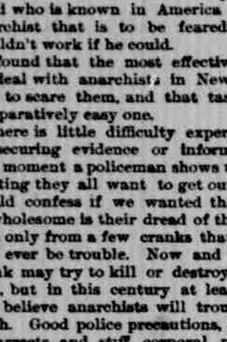
There is little difficulty experienced in securing evidence or information. The moment a policeman shows up at a meeting they all want to get out. All would confess if we wanted them to, so wholesome is their dread of the law. It is only from a few cranks that there will ever be trouble. Now and then a crank may try to kill or destroy property, but in this century at least I do not believe anarchists will trouble us much. Good police precautions, plenty of arrests and stiff corporal punishment is all that is needed for the anarchists in America.

A whipping post would be an excellent thing if I favored the punishment of barbarous ages.

It is useless to try and reform the American anarchist. They are callous to every effort made for their improvment, they are alike indifferent to the preacher and the advances of the official whose duty it is to win them to better ways. They have no good in them, and the only sure method of ridding the community of them is by inflicting the most severe punishment. I speak generally now, of course.

In New York we dispose of the reds without much trouble and keep them right under our eye, but in other cities they gain a better foothold and are more bold.

For a number of years now Pennsylvania has been an exceedingly fertile field for the anarchists. Most sent agents there and stirred up the mine men, coal miners and coke workers. The two principal organizations were



Peukert.

at Pittsburgh and Alleghany. When Berkman, who shot Mr. Frick, reached Alleghany, after being driven out of New York, he found the country shaken by the great Homestead trouble. He had been seeking notoriety for years. He had wandered from one state to another until he reached New York. He was not enamored of his treatment in the metropolis at the hands of the police, and went westward. His mind was getting weaker from extreme drains on his system by his outlawed manner of living, and he planned to murder the chairman of the Carnegie Company.

Yes, I fully believe he acted as an individual.

I will add a word for the police force recently so roundly abused in New York.

In these troublesome days the fidelity, gallantry and heroism of the police force have a thousand times been demonstrated beyond all dispute. As a rule they face death constantly, fearlessly, without the reflection which supports the soldier as he faces death upon the battle field, that his widow and his children or dependent relatives will be cared for. The policeman confronts the raging mob, he grapples with the murderous burglar or frenzied assassin; he takes his life in his hands at all hours of the day sustained by no other thought than that he is performing his simple duty. There are few more thankless tasks than his; few lives less varied with enjoyment; often the victim of political spite, thundered on by an incensed and often an ill judging press, and blamed far oftener than praised. The patrolmen of New York are heroes who perform prodigies in actual deeds and in the endurance of suffering. While we have such men on our police forces anarchy in America is doomed.

THOMAS BYRNES.

Fortunate Man.

Trivet—I was at the first performance of Tillinghast's play last night. At the end of the second act there were loud calls for the author.

Dicer—I suppose Tillinghast responded proudly.

Trivet—Not much. He made his escape by the stage door.—Judge.

Distance in Dancing.

A person traverses about three-quarters of a mile in the course of an average waltz.

The frontispiece in Lew Wallace's "Life of Benjamin Harrison" is a fine steel engraving of President Harrison himself. The book is a good one. Order at once.

DOWN AT THE PIER

Bathing Fashions and Fashions for Dry Land.

VERY ODDLY NEW SURF SUITS

The Shrimping Dress and Dresses That Walk the Beach and Dance in the Casino.

How does a summer place get its reputation? The pier is a beautiful spot; perish the pagan who would say otherwise, with the bright waves dancing and glinting and the wild roses that bloom from June to September crowding down the high water mark and wet by the spray.

But the Narragansett pier wants painting. It's all very well to find garish newness offensive, but dinginess in the hotel way is equally so. The pier forgets its own clothes in admiring those of its pretty girls. The Casino is a fine building, but for the rest there is disappointment.

It is odd, isn't it, that one and the same place should be marked by the rampancy of its bathing gowns, and its

TWO BATHERS.

refusal to tolerate Sunday evening concerts. But much is forgiven the pier for the sake of its moonstones.

The bathing is all done at the noon hour, and no carriage can drive on the beach at that season. Everybody bathes; the dip is the object of life, as it is nowhere else along the Atlantic coast. But a fairly good portion of the semi-marine population is about eighteen years old and is sunburned. It has bright fluffy hair, and in the intervals of bathing it stands about in groups on the beach under huge tent-like umbrellas, striped in gay colors and upheld as to their stalwart central supports by brown young men.

Sometimes the umbrella pole is driven into the beach sand and then young men and young women sit in the shade of it and it is possible to study at leisure the natural history of the genus homo at its most interesting age.

There are no women at the pier who swim particularly well; the stories of them are myths, but there are schools of mermaids who splash about and laugh and scream in black and crimson silk rigs and a high treble. Those bathing suits seem to be found most interesting which are not accompanied by stockings. These are not abundant, but as a rare and engaging novelty the vision of sand-flecked, pink toes is not absolutely unknown.

A more or less typical bathing suit at the pier is worn by a girl who has a particularly soft round curl "right in the middle of her forehead" and drooping between her eyes. It is of grayish green wool, like the water under clouds, and has a white yoke set in at the throat with an anchor sprawling across it in crimson and brown. A short kilted skirt is gathered on at the waist and stops a little above the knees. Below the skirt there appear green tights that are met at the knees by long brown stockings, cross-gartered from ankle to knee by the crimson thongs of brown sandals. The girl's sleeves stop at her dimpled elbows, she hides her face under a green straw poke bonnet with crimson cords, and she's a prettier object—they all are—as she stands with her long crimson and white wrap just

A CASINO COSTUME.

falling into the maid's hands before she steps into the surf than she is when she comes out of it dripping.

There are no bathing suits that remotely approach the indecent. That talk is all poppycock, made up to sell in the silly season. There are women who wear silk into the water, thin silk and even white silk, but the universal practice of having an attendant ready with something to fling over the shoulders even before stepping out of the breakers, sets a fine example to the young men in not quite all-protecting jerseys who lie about the beach wet from the embrace of Father Neptune. Women don't like the messiness of wet clothes; they hide them and hurry to get out of them.

The two tallest summer debutantes bathe together in white serge. One is all white, the other has a blue sash and two blue flounces. The fairest blonde wears navy blue jersey stuff with baby blue fixings. She keeps herself fair, the veracious chronicler regrets to say, by tying up her head, even in the water, with a white veil.

There is one woman who stays in the water a long time but makes up for it by never venturing much beyond her knees. It is one of the sights of the bathing hour to see her just in the wash of the spent breakers in her red suit, with a broad white belt and carrying a red parasol. It is only fair to the woman, though fatal to the effect of the paragraph, to say that presumably the reason why she fights so shy of the doctrine of immersion is that she has always a pretty, four-year-old child with her splashing about in the shallow water and enjoying things mightily.

The women who bathe dogs take them out farther. There's no sin in dog bathing, but it's not an inspiring sight to see half a dozen matrons coming down the beach at once, each with a pug or a spaniel or a terrier, tied up with ribbons to match her bathing colors, in her arms. The brutes yelp in the water. Whatever their natural tastes, they don't take to bathing under unnatural conditions. A young southern girl enjoys her plunge with an enormous St. Bernard that could more easily carry her than be carried. The beast is tawny, and she wears tawny brown with cream colored sash and stockings. At her belt is a bunch of golden rod and the flowers take their ducking bravely.

It's not at the bathing hour that you see the shrimping gowns. You don't see them at all unless you get away from the bathing beach and apart from general observations. Down along the rocky coast, towards Point Judith, you may some morning, if you are lucky, come upon a girl in a blue linen skirt just covering her knees. Blue suspenders go up over her white bodice and over her white collarette that doubles down over her shoulders. She has a big flat white linen hat, with blue ribbons, elbow sleeves and long-topped wading boots, with soft, pliable tops, bound about the legs like bathing stockings with blue ribbons. She has a fishing pouch on one hip and a shrimping net over her shoulder. I've seen her two or three times and don't know yet whether shes shrimps for shrimp or only to make a picture. To make the thing complete, according to the French style, she should be barefooted.

The beach gowns and the carriage frocks and the afternoon dress on cottage piazzas are much the same as you see at Newport but with less, perhaps, of money and more, sometimes, of originality and daring. A woman, who is seen usually with Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wore yesterday a striking costume of water-green silk striped with black,

CARRIAGE TOILET.

the stripes making sharp angles back and front with falls of Chantilly lace to adorn them. Knots of velvet ribbon caught the lace and a ruffle of black tulle finished the collar. Her hat of black lace had a big paste buckle and long water-green feathers.

Another noticeable dress was a shot silk that in the shade appeared to be of a heliotrope tint, but in the sun glinted pink in many variations. It was flecked with flowers that showed themselves upon the surface only momentarily. At the bottom of the skirt were three rolls of cream-colored satin. A scarf of the same color was knotted about the waist and fell nearly to the ground. Black lace was gathered about the shoulders and fell down over the bodice, which had immensely full, gigot sleeves, and was set off by a little jet capote twinkling with loops of jetted ribbons.

If I were an artist I would have sketched to-day a pretty girl in navy blue foulard showered with white spots and trimmed with poppy red velvet. Then there was a rose-colored crepe woman with green beads and gold threads glinting in the embroidery that edged her skirt and from her short, puffed, pink velvet sleeves. A tall woman in blue cloth walked the beach and watched the bathers, and was herself watched for her big sleeves of plaid surah, her waist scarf of brown velvet, and the huge brown velvet bows on her bosom and just in front of the bottom of her gown. She had a cream-colored yoke set into her bodice under the bows, aflash with steel nailheads. Her hat was a blue straw capote trimmed with brick-red wings.

The casino gowns are pretty enough and fresh enough for a chapter. If I find words for the pale pink crepon with corselet, belt and shoulder knots of green velvet and lace scarf hangings from neck to knees, I ought to do as much for the shot silk, yellow and white, brocaded with yellow daisies and decked with white lace and yellow ribbons, and so one and all must wait, I fear, for a more auspicious occasion.

ELLEN OSBORN.

Goes by Contraries.

"Shut that door!" yelled a man as a caller passed out one red-hot day.

The hand of the visitor was already closing the door, but as he heard the injunction to shut it he dropped it as if it had been a hot potato, and it swung open, and settled back against the wall.

"It always works," said the hot man as he moved closer to the draught, and fanned himself contentedly.—Detroit Free Press.

There is a full page, half-tone engraving of Hon. James G. Blaine in the "Life of Benjamin Harrison" which The Herald is offering free for new subscribers. Order at once.

FIRE IN AMITY DAM

The Loss Was Small, But There Was Acres of Fun.

HOW JOE'S HOUSE WAS SAVED

And Several Other Things Were Lost. Pursuing Baby—Fielding's Humorous Sayings.

It was so still in Amity Dam, Me., on that peaceful Sunday morning that I could hear the boy pumping wind into the organ preparatory to choir rehearsal in the Unitarian church, a quarter of a mile away. I could also hear Capt. Joe Randall reaping his whiskers in the house across the street. The grating of the razor was not especially soothing to the nerves of the listener, but it was a good rural Sun-

THE DEACON CALLS FOR WATER.

day-morning sound, and I felt that I could bear it if Captain Joe could.

Occasionally people whose steps upon the board walk indicated haste passed down the street. Choir people, ten minutes late, I felt sure, and vowing in their hearts that it would never occur again; and, glancing out of window, I was not surprised to find that they were the same sacred songsters who were always late twenty years ago when I was a boy in the town.

Suddenly a voice cried "Fire!" I was on my feet in a second and rushing for the street. A half hour before I had explained to Maude why it was impossible for me to attend church. I had described the debilitation of my nervous tissue, and had reminded her that I had come to the country for rest and not to sit in a church pew, so designed that the occupant has to hang onto the back with his shoulder-blades in order to keep from sliding off upon the floor.

But while these lies were good enough to keep me out of church, they did not apply to the case of a fire. I have the old, boyish delight in seeing my neighbor's house go up in smoke, and especially do I enjoy a fire in the country. Rustics know how to get their money's worth. I have seen more fun at the burning of our Amity Dam barn, which, including three horses and a cow, wasn't worth $75, than we can get in New York out of a million-dollar flat house and a lawsuit over the insurance.

When I reached the street I learned that the trouble was at Capt. Randall's. I at first supposed it was occasioned by the friction of his razor, which I had heard earlier in the morning, and which had become so intense as to set the captain's whiskers afire, but this was not the cause of it. However, I did not have time then to inquire. Several excited women implored me to get water. I rushed to the nearest pump, when I found some more women trying to fill a receptacle for umbrellas, which they had caught up in somebody's front hall. I gallantly offered to do the pumping, and I should probably still be at work on that job if somebody had not discovered that the umbrella holder had no bottom.

Some coffee pots and pitchers were produced and we filled them. Then we made an attack upon the devouring element. The only sign of its presence was some smoke issuing from the roof around one of the chimneys. This being our guide, we rushed up into Capt. Joe's attic with our various receptacles. There we found a young lady taking a bath, and entirely ignorant of the fact that the house was afire. She had a large tub full of water, and really did not need any more. It appeared to surprise her a good deal to see about fifty

FIELDING DOES THE PUMPING.

of her neighbors suddenly enter with all sorts of things full of water. When a young woman has decided to take a bath and has made her own calculations for a water supply, she naturally feels hurt to find that her friends and even comparative strangers do not regard her preparations as adequate.

As leader of this delegation, I was somewhat embarrassed myself. True, the young lady had heard us approaching in time to array herself becomingly in an old-fashioned quilt with texts from the Scriptures worked into it in red, white and blue; but yet I could not feel that she was glad to see us. In fact, she told us to go away in tones pitched anywhere from high C up. Then we all rushed downstairs again, and those who went last spilled all the water they had brought upon those who had gone first. The young lady whom we had disturbed came after us with her clothes in her hand, and she was dressed on the second floor by four women, who put everything on her wrong side before, I am told.

At this time Maude, my wife, remembered that Capt. Randall's cook, Mrs. Buttons, had a baby about two years old.

"Howdy," she said, "that innocent child must not be left to perish."

Then we went to the servant's room, in a remote part of the house, where Mrs. Buttons—who had not heard about any fire—was preparing to dress her baby. Maude seized it in her arms, exclaiming something to the effect that she would rescue it or perish, and fled down the stairs. Mrs. Buttons was so utterly amazed that she let Maude get a long start before she herself was able to move hand or foot. Then she started in pursuit with a wild yell of protest. I have not been able to hear well since with the ear that was nearest to Mrs. Buttons when she yelled. As she rushed through the hall, which led from her room to the main part of the house, she encountered two men who were bringing up a large dish pan full of water. Mrs. Buttons passed between them, where the pan was, and the water it contained dashed down the stairs like a breaking wave upon several people who were coming up in their Sunday clothes.

Meanwhile, Maude had taken the baby to the street, where it very naturally began to cry. Maude isn't much of a hand with children, so she gave the baby to somebody else, who passed it along to the next; till at last it was hustled into a house some distance from the scene of the disturbance, and put into the arms of a very nice old lady who didn't know that there was any fire, and couldn't understand why, in the midst of a peaceful Sunday morning, a frantic woman should rush in and rush out again leaving a screaming two-year-old in a long flannel night dress. Nevertheless, she gathered the child to her motherly bosom, and prepared to do her full duty by the poor little waif as she had by her own.

The fire had by this time consumed a portion of four shingles around Capt. Randall's southeastern chimney, and it threatened to spread. Deacon Sammy Barker, who was just going down to choir rehearsal, had thrown off his coat and climbed to the ridgepole, where he sat and requested water in that clear, musical tenor which has been the delight of endless congregations. But he didn't get any water. Somebody had gone for the engine, and everybody was waiting for it to come. It came pretty soon, and they ran the suction pipe down into the captain's well, while Johnny Brooks climbed to the roof with the hose. Capt. Randall's attic was by this time full of the cream of the church-going people of Amity Dam. Johnny looked in upon them through the window in the roof, and appeared

MRS. BUTTONS PURSUES THE BABY.

to be sensible that he was addressing a distinguished company.

"Say," he called, "do you see any fire there?"

As he spoke the nozzle of the hose rested gently on the frame of the window, and just at that minute the men below began to pump away on the engine's brakes. They're a sturdy crowd in Amity Dam, and the stream they forced through that hose would not have disgraced a city steamer. Unhappily, by Sammy's carelessness, it was directly on to the midst of the assembled multitude in the attic. There was no fire in sight, but there was a good deal of water, and the crowd that attempted to escape down the captain's narrow stairs did not comport itself with the dignity it had a few moments before on its way to the meeting. In the confusion somebody was heard to say "damn" with a fervor fully up to the requirements of the situation, and the town is now divided into political parties on the question of who said it.

But by and by Sammy discovered that the captain's well water was being wasted, and he directed the stream against the burning shingles. In a few minutes they were extinguished and the now celebrated fire at Capt. Randall's was over. However, there were a few little matters to straighten out. A thoughtful lady who had seen Deacon Barker remove his coat had taken it in charge so that no harm should come to it. She had carried it to her home, and then in the excitement had forgotten all about it. Deacon Barker searched for it with natural solicitude. Maude saw him looking about with deadly anxiety in every line of his face, and with quick feminine intuition she jumped to the conclusion that he must be the father of that baby. So she hunted the baby up and laid it in his arms.

"Great Jehosophat—" exclaimed the deacon, but Maud interrupted him.

"Do not thank me, sir," she said; "I have done only my simple duty," and she hurried away.

How the deacon got rid of the child I do not know, but Mrs. Buttons got him at last. Then the crowd dispersed, Amity Dam became quiet again, and presently from my window I heard Deacon Barker leading the doxology in his shirt sleeves, but not less piously for that.

HOWARD FIELDING.

That Would Be Bad.

Gummey—It would never do to have girls on the police force.

Gargoyle—Why wouldn't it?

Gummey—You see, every arrest they would make would be a miss-apprehension.—Detroit Free Press.

There is a full page engraving of McKinley in The Herald's "Life of Benjamin Harrison." Notice our advertisement, Order at once.

WORK OF A CABLE

Feats of Modern Magic Performed by Its Aid.

HOW A CABLE IS OPERATED

A Streak of Lightning Goes around the World in Search of a Chinaman—Cyrus W. Field's Magical Wand.

Hong Kee was a heathen Chinee. He swindled several San Francisco merchants out of something like $18,000 and fled aboard a Pacific Mail steamship. When he was out of sight of land, he said to himself—let us suppose he said: "Me allee safe now, Melican man no can catchee Chinee." And why should he not feel safe? He had two weeks the start of anybody who might pursue him; and, once on his own shores, he could find plenty of hiding places.

When Hong Kee waddled joyously down the gangway at Shanghai, thinking of the wives he could hug and the fan-tan he could play with his $18,000, an officer of the law tapped him with a bamboo wand. It must have been a

RECEIVING CABLE MESSAGES.

wand, a real, old-fashioned magical wand. How else than by magic could anybody in Shanghai know of his proceedings 6,000 miles away?

It was magic. His victims in San Francisco had only to write a message and in a few moments it was in New York. There it took a dive into the Atlantic ocean, and in a jiffy bobbed up on the coast of Ireland, took a look and leaped into the water again, scooted across to France and over to the Mediterranean, where it ducked under once more and was in Alexandria before you could say Jack Robinson. Then, as dry shod as the children of Israel, it passed through the Red sea, shot under the Arabian sea, and came to the surface of Bombay. No mahatma ever caused India in shorter time than it took this message to jump over to Madras and dart into the Bay of Bengal. Then it rose at Singapore just to catch breath for its final swim to Shanghai, and the law, the lazy law, had ample time to dress itself in a long train of bedizening sentences, and primp and prim before the ship came in.

Alas, poor Hong! Struck by a streak of lightning that the Christian magicians had guided almost around the world!

Father of these magicians was Cyrus W. Field, who willed $3,000,000 in 1889 and died the other day owning nothing but the house his wife had given him. Faith was the word he conjured with—patient, persevering faith. They said the broad Atlantic would not be conquered by a copper wire. He tried and failed. They shook their heads and squeezed their pocketbooks. He tried again and failed. They tapped their foreheads and looked sad for him. He tried once more and sent a few electric sparks across the awful deep. But these went out, and so again he failed, and then they jeered at him and put their pocketbooks away and said: "Three times and out." Then on that memorable day of 1866 these words came ticking to New York:

"Heart's Content, July 27.—We arrived here at 9 o'clock this morning. All well. Thank God, the cable is laid and is in perfect working order. CYRUS W. FIELD."

That message came from Heart's Content, indeed.

Three days later M. de Lesseps sent a message of congratulation from Alexandria, Egypt. It came so fast the old sun seemed a lazy fellow, for it left M. de Lesseps' hand at 1:30 in the afternoon and was delivered to Mr. Field in Newfoundland at 10:30 on the morning of the same day.

That sort of thing made quite a hubbub out in '66. But now—whenever a message was sent by the Commercial Cable Company from the stock exchange in New York, to the royal exchange in London, and an answer received in forty-five seconds. Think of that! To London and back in three-quarters of a minute! It went from New York to Canso, Nova Scotia, 880 miles, by short cable; from Canso to Waterville, Ireland, 2,880 miles, by deep sea cable; from Waterville to Bristol, England, 238 miles, by short cable, and from Bristol to London, 120 miles, by land line.

LOCATING A BREAK IN CABLE.

5,628 miles over and 5,628 miles back—11,256 miles these modern magicians send a thought in less time than it takes to walk a block.

Yes, and they send another message in the other direction over the same wire at the same time, the wireless! It is easy enough to tell how they do it. They merely attach a wire to a telegraph instrument on the table, run it over to a door knob on the wall, and carry it over to a thingabob in the corner. If you want a more scientific explanation of it, you can find it in half a dozen pages of the encyclopedia, which I haven't time to copy, and which, like enough, you wouldn't understand any better than I do if I did copy it. The important fact, however, is that the electric current of